Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent ends,
And in their triumph dye like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is lothſomneſſe in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift, arriues as tardie, as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Ladie, Oh ſo light afoot
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,
A Louer may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That idles in the wanton Summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, elſe in his thankes too much.

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour Ayre, and let rich Muſickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament,
They are but Beggers that can count their worth;
But my true Loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſumme vp ſome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolion, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot
dayes, is the mad bloud ſtirring.

Mu.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when hee enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps mee his ſword vpon the table, and ſayes, God ſend mee no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode, as any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to bee moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould haue none ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſell eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpie out ſuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is ful of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haſt quareld with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath layne aſleepe in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter: with another, for tying his new ſhooes with old riband, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, O ſimple.

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tibalt. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them. Gentlemen, God-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with ſomthing, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You ſhall find mee apt inough to that ſir, and you will giue me occaſion.

Mercut. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?